

BOBBY
BENSON



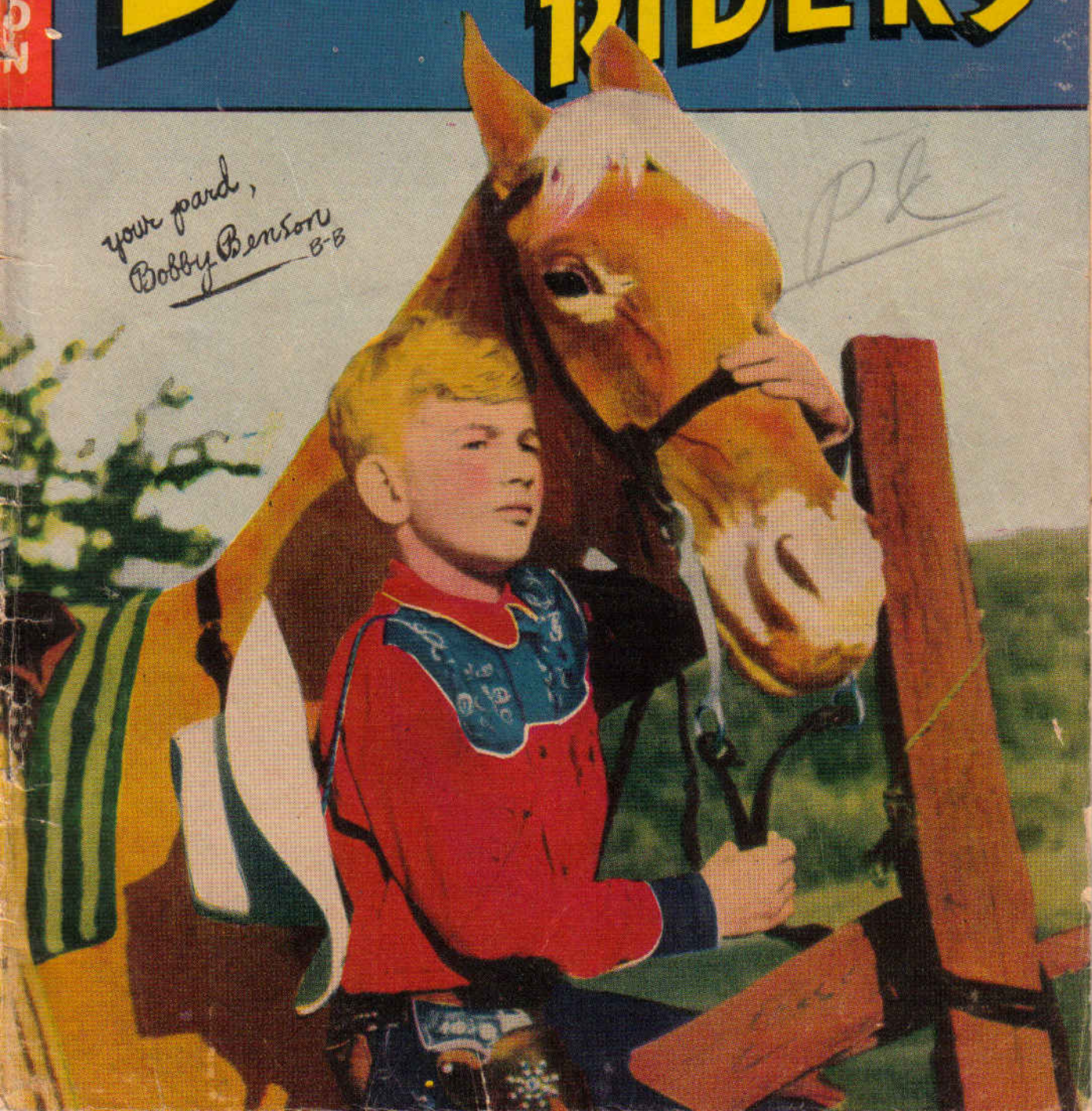
BOBBY BENSON'S

No. 16
10¢

B-Bar-B RIDERS

*your pard,
Bobby Benson
B-B*

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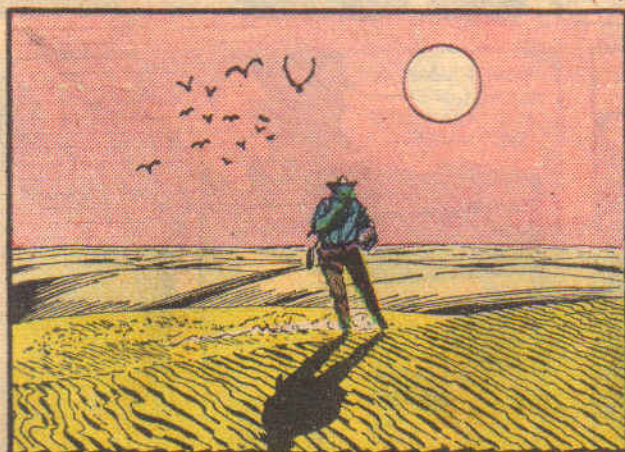
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HURRY MAIL TODAY



A MAN TOTTERS ACROSS THE PITILESS, BURNING SANDS OF THE DEVIL'S OVEN DESERT. HE IS DYING ON HIS FEET...



AT LAST HE FALLS, AND AS HE TURNS, THE SUN REVEALS HIS FACE AND A BAG OF YELLOW COINS THAT FLASH IN THE SUNLIGHT —

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

HE LIES STILL
IN DEATH FOR AN
HOUR, AND THEN—

GOLLY WHILLIKERS!
CROSSING THE DEVIL'S
OVEN ON FOOT IS
CRAZY! GUESS THE
SUN AND THE HEAT
JUST EVAPORATED
HIM! WHY—HE'S
GREEN!

THIS CACTUS NEEDLE
FIRE SMOKE WILL
BRING TEX AND THE
BOYS ON THE RUN!

LATER—

TEX, WHAT
MADE HIM
GREEN? AND
WHERE'D HE
GET ALL
THAT GOLD?

I DON'T KNOW,
BOBBY. THE
ONLY MAN WHO
CAN ANSWER
THOSE
QUESTIONS
IS DEAD AND
BURIED!



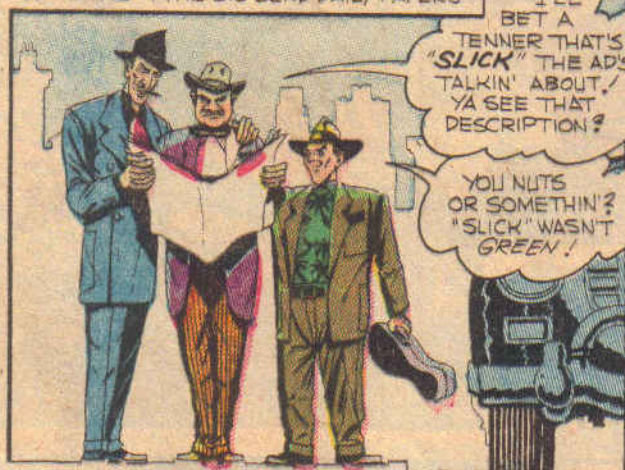
NEXT MORNING, AN ADVERTISEMENT
APPEARS IN THE BIG BEND DAILY PAPERS—

I'LL
BET A
TENNER THAT'S
"SLICK" THE AD'S
TALKIN' ABOUT!
YA SEE THAT
DESCRIPTION?

YOU NUTS
OR SOMETHIN'?
"SLICK" WASN'T
GREEN!

JUST THE SAME,
WE'RE GOIN' TO VISIT
THE B-BAR-B RANCH
TONIGHT!

YEAH—
WITH
TOMMYGUNS!



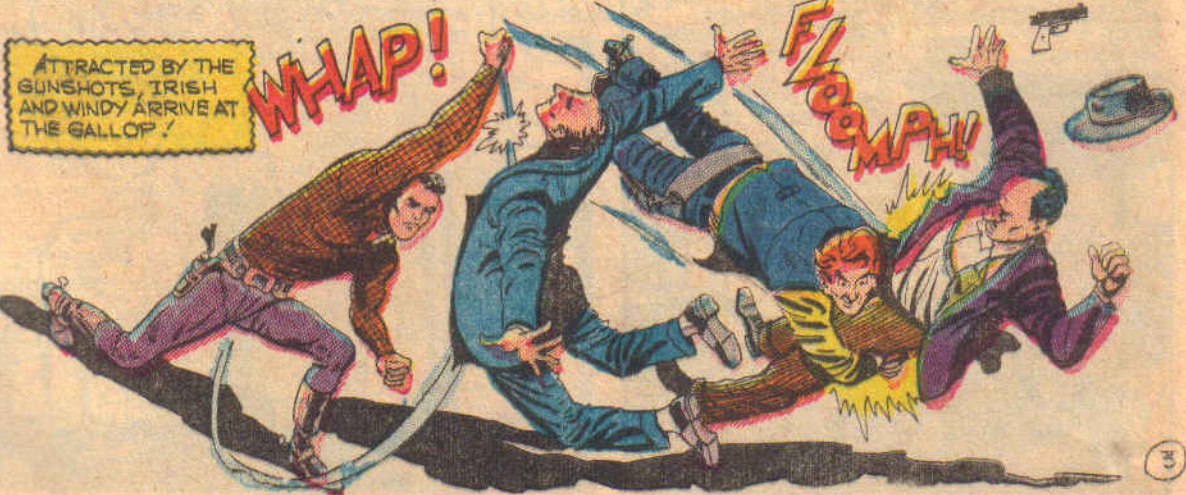
THAT NIGHT, AS THE ODOR OF SAGE BLENDS WITH
THE CHIRPING OF THE CICADAS...

EASY, NOW, WE DON'T
WANT TROUBLE—IF WE
CAN HELP IT!

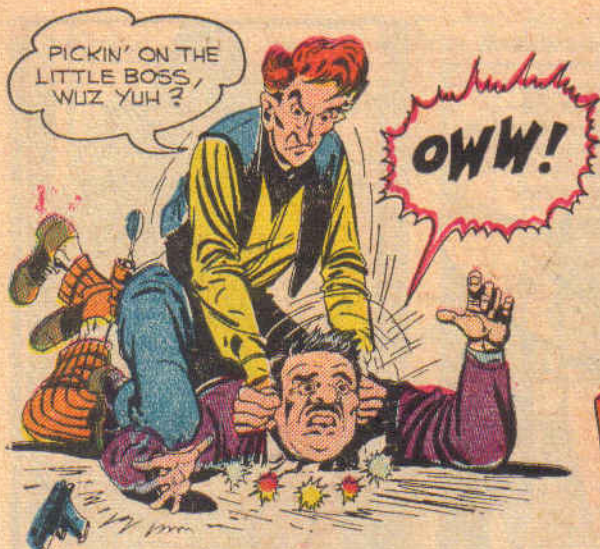
JUST LET ME GET
MY FINGERS ON
THEIR SAFE!

DON'T MAKE A
SOUND, KID—
AND YOU WON'T
GET HURT!

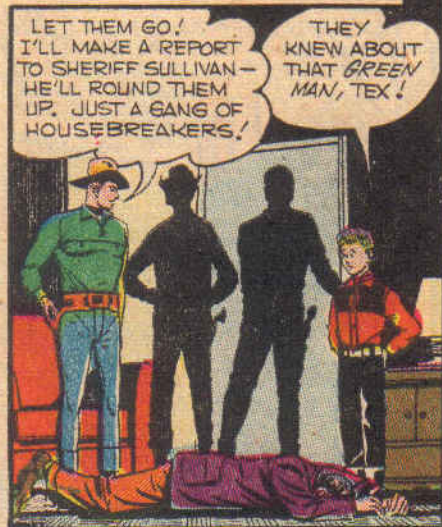




BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



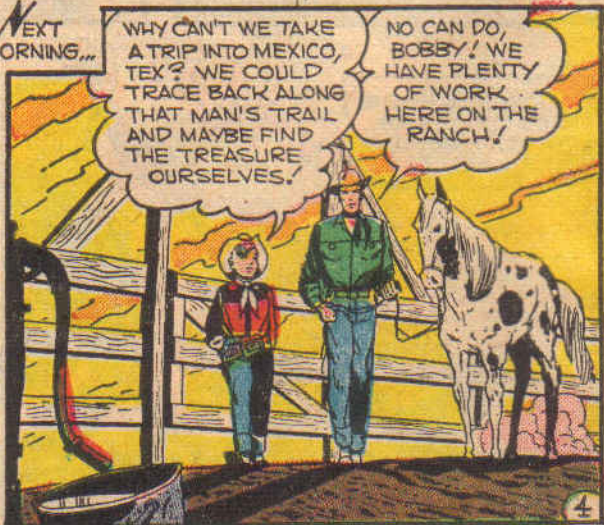
IN MORTAL FEAR, TWO OF THE GANGSTERS TAKE TO THEIR HEELS...



LATER THAT NIGHT, AS AN EXCITED BOBBY FINDS SLEEP IMPOSSIBLE...



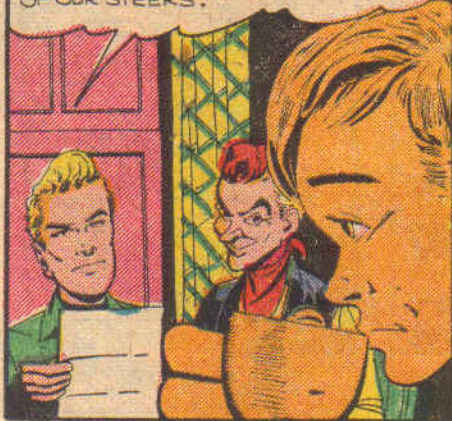
NEXT MORNING...



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

AND THEN, AT BREAKFAST TIME, SOME DAYS LATER—

MAYBE WE CAN DO A LITTLE TREASURE-HUNTING, BOBBY. HERE'S A LETTER FROM OUR OLD FRIEND, SEÑOR PANCHO DE SEVILLA. HE WANTS TO BUY SOME OF OUR STEERS.



WE'LL MAKE UP A HERD AND TRAVEL CLOSE TO WHERE THAT LOST TREASURE IS SUPPOSED TO BE. NOW, COME ON—LET'S GET READY!

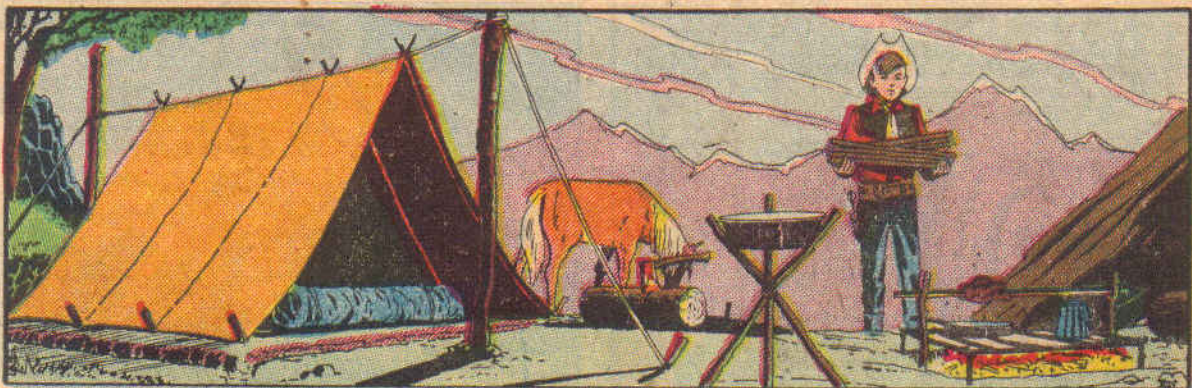
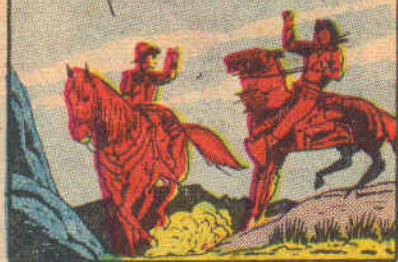
WHOOPEEE!



SOME DAYS LATER, ALONG THE TRAIL IN CHIHUAHUA—

I'LL CUT OFF HERE, TEX, AND CAMP OUT FOR A COUPLE OF NIGHTS.

YOU KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF IN THE OPEN, BOBBY—BUT BE CAREFUL! AND IF YOU FIND THAT TREASURE—DON'T SPEND IT ALL UNTIL WE GET BACK!



BOBBY IS TRAINED IN THE ART OF CAMP LIFE. HE SELLS SAPLINGS FOR HIS TENT POLES AND FIRE-COOKING-POTS—

PANCHO VILLA ROBBED AMERICANS ON BOTH SIDES OF THE BORDER BACK AROUND 1918. HE IS SAID TO HAVE HIDDEN ALL THAT LOOT—AMOUNTING TO SEVEN MILLION DOLLARS!—MORE THAN 500 YARDS EAST OF THE CANTINA THAT LIES BETWEEN TEMOSACHIC AND DOLORES!



THAT PUTS IT RIGHT IN ABOUT HERE! BUT I MUST BE WRONG! THIS IS JUST ROCK. NOBODY COULD HIDE ANYTHING HERE!



AS BOBBY MOVES UPWARD, HIS FOOT SLIPS! HIS HANDS MISS THEIR HOLD AND—



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

HE HITS A ROLLING SLOPE OF STONE AND GOES TUMBLING DOWN —

YEEHAW!



— TO LAND IN A CLEAR POOL OF WATER ... AND SINK DOWN AND DOWN ...



HE RISES TO THE SURFACE —

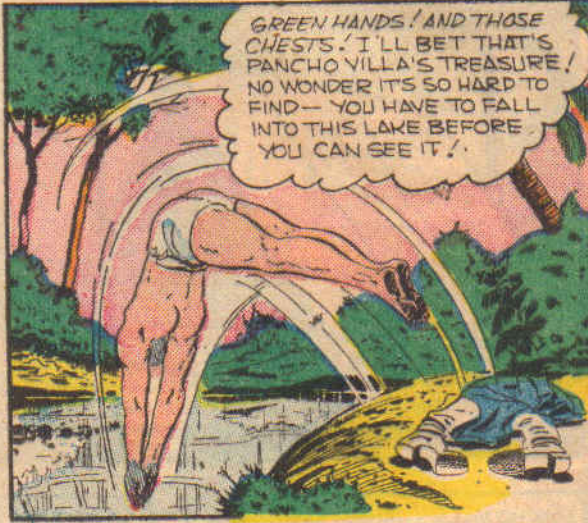
LUCKY THIS POOL WAS HERE! IF IT HADN'T BEEN, I'D HAVE BROKEN A HAND OR A LEG — OR EVEN MY NECK!



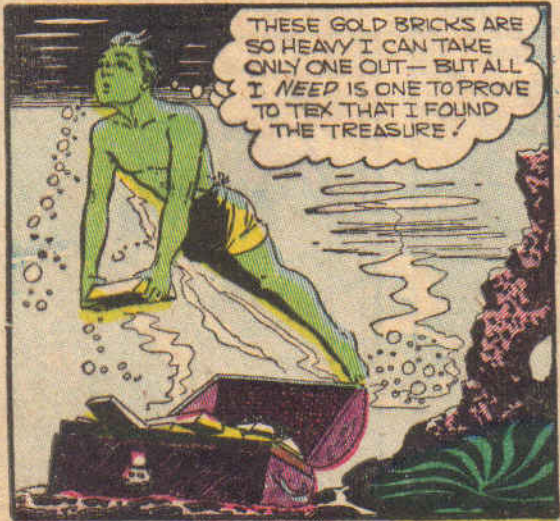
THAT WATER SURE IS CLEAR. I SAW SOME CHESTS DOWN THERE, AND — YIIII! MY HAND! IT'S GREEN!



GREEN HANDS! AND THOSE CHESTS! I'LL BET THAT'S PANCHITO VILLA'S TREASURE! NO WONDER IT'S SO HARD TO FIND — YOU HAVE TO FALL INTO THIS LAKE BEFORE YOU CAN SEE IT!



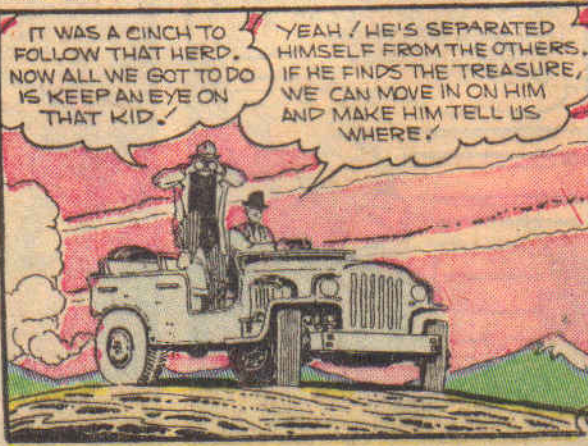
THESE GOLD BRICKS ARE SO HEAVY I CAN TAKE ONLY ONE OUT — BUT ALL I NEED IS ONE TO PROVE TO TEX THAT I FOUND THE TREASURE!



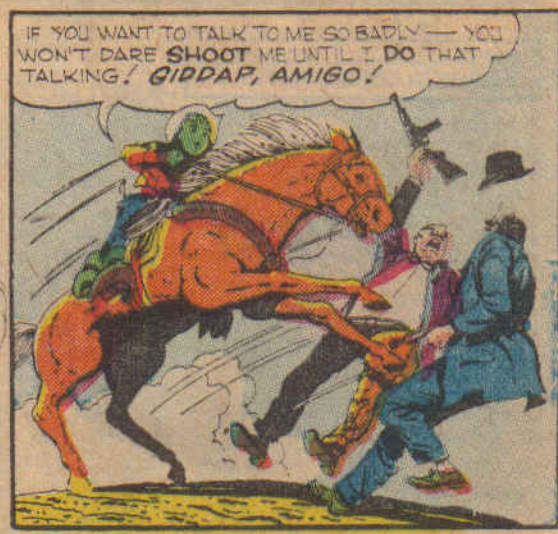
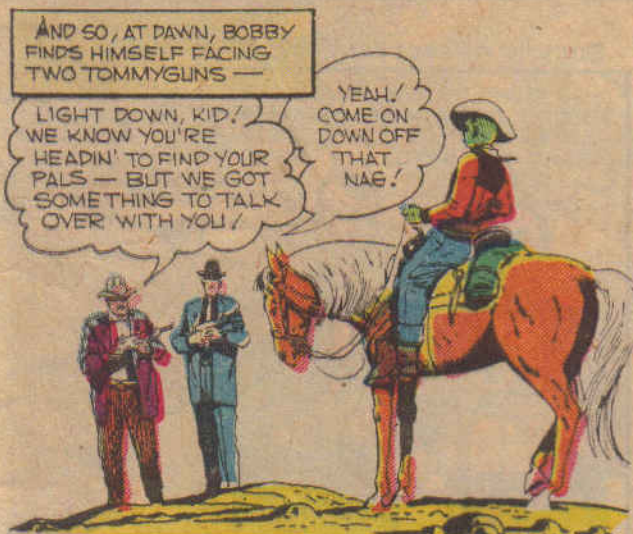
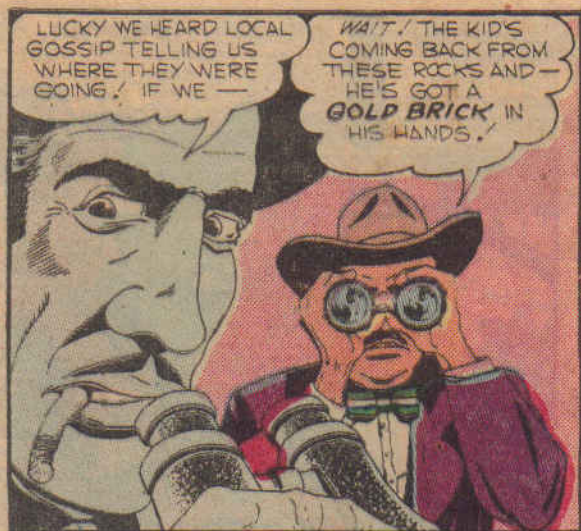
UNKNOWN TO TEX OR BOBBY, TRAILING THEM ACROSS THE FLATS OF CHIHUAHUA ARE TWO OF THE GANGSTERS WHO BROKE INTO THE B-BAR-B RANCH...

IT WAS A CINCH TO FOLLOW THAT HERD. NOW ALL WE GOT TO DO IS KEEP AN EYE ON THAT KID.

YEAH! HE'S SEPARATED HIMSELF FROM THE OTHERS. IF HE FINDS THE TREASURE, WE CAN MOVE IN ON HIM AND MAKE HIM TELL US WHERE.



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

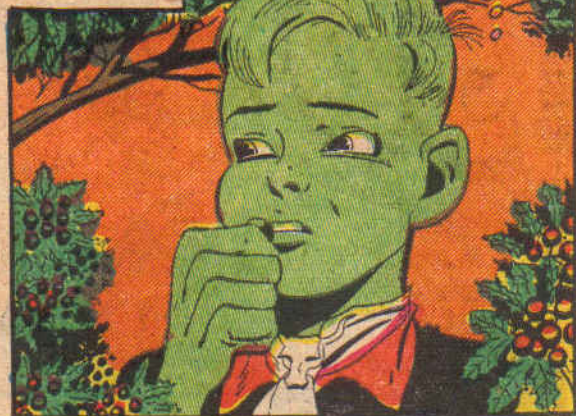
BUT THE GANGSTERS — WITH THE VISION OF SEVEN MILLION DOLLARS IN GOLD BRICKS BEFORE THEIR EYES — KEEP MOVING SLOWLY AFTER THEIR QUARRY.

ALL DAY LONG THE HUNT CONTINUES. BOBBY DINES ON BERRIES —

IT'LL GET COLD TONIGHT. I CAN'T LIGHT A FIRE — BUT I CAN DIG A HOLE ...

HE'S IN HERE SOMEWHERE! HE CAN'T GET AWAY!

WE'LL FLUSH HIM OUT. SOON'S IT GETS DARK AND HE LIGHTS A FIRE!



SNUG IN A SMALL "FOXHOLE" BOBBY SLEEPS LIGHTLY ...

BUT WITH THE FIRST FAINT RAYS OF MORNING —

YOU SURE LED US A PRETTY CHASE, KID — BUT WE GOT YOU DEAD TO RIGHTS, NOW!

START TALKIN'! WHERE'S THAT TREASURE? WHAT TURNED YOU INTO THAT GREEN COLOR?



AND THEN, FROM A ROCKY LEDGE ABOVE —

MOMENTS LATER —

DROP THOSE GUNS, YOU LOWDOWN POLECATS! MY FINGERS ARE JUST ITCHING TO YANK THESE TRIGGERS!

WE FINISHED OUR HERD DELIVERY IN SHORT ORDER. WE ROPE BACK — FOUND AMIGO WANDERING AROUND — AND CAME RUNNING!

I FOUND THE TREASURE, TEX! I FOUND IT! BUT WHAT MADE ME TURN GREEN?

PROBABLY SOME SORT OF CHLOROPHYLL DYE IN THAT LAKE! WE'LL ANALYZE IT WHEN WE GO BACK FOR THE TREASURE. AND INCIDENTALLY, BOBBY — WE'RE GOING TO DONATE THAT TREASURE TO CHARITY! IT WILL BUILD A WONDERFUL HOSPITAL IN THE BIG BEND COUNTRY!





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BOBBY BENSON'S

B-Bar-B RIDERS



EVERYBODY LOVES A CIRCUS, PEOPLE SAY... BUT IN THE TOWN OF CANYON GULCH, **BOBBY BENSON** FOUND ONE GRIM EXCEPTION—AND WHAT FOLLOWED WAS A DEVIL'S BREW OF INTRIGUE, HIGH-EXPLOSIVES, AND MURDER WHEN THE COWBOY KID CAME TO GRIPS WITH—

The man who hated the
CIRCUS



YUH CAN'T MAKE ME SAY DIFF' RUNT, LAYTON—CIRCUSES ARE NO GOOD!

ANY MAN—GASP! WHO'D DEPRIVE OUR CHILDREN OF A CIRCUS—GASP! ISN'T FIT TO LIVE...!



EASY, GENTS—EASY! CLOUDS IN THUH JAW NEVER SETTLED ANYTHING!

YOU'RE RIGHT—I LOST MY TEMPER... I'M SORRY, MORROW.

MARK MY WORD—THUH TOWN'LL BE CRAWLIN' WITH SIDEWINDERS WHEN THET DURNED CIRCUS COMES!

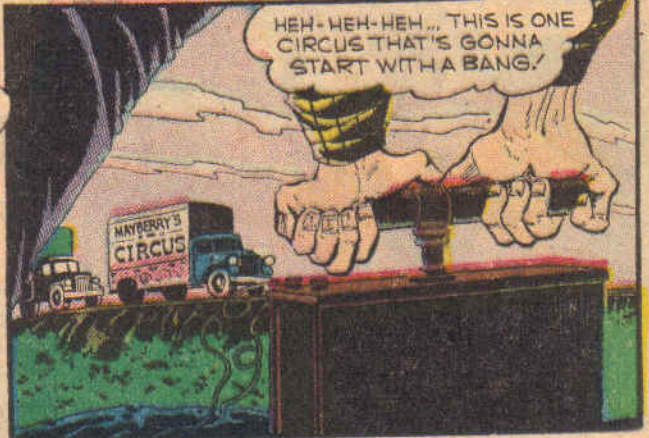
BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

SOMETHING'S QUEER ABOUT THIS, WINDY— THE RICHEST MAN IN THE TERRITORY AND AN OLD DESERT-RAT FIGHTING THAT WAY ON MAIN STREET. I CAN'T PUT MY FINGER ON WHY... BUT IT JUST DOESN'T SMELL RIGHT...

RELAX, LITTLE BOSS— CHANCES ARE THEY BOTH HAD A DROP TOO MUCH RATTLESNAKE MILK!



MEANWHILE, HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY, MAYBERRY'S MAMMOUTH CIRCUS SPEEDS TOWARD CANYON GULCH —



HEH-HEH-HEH... THIS IS ONE CIRCUS THAT'S GONNA START WITH A BANG!

THEN—



THAT NIGHT, BACK NEAR CANYON GULCH—

YOU FOOL! HE WASN'T IN THAT FIRST TRUCK, WE HAVE JUST ONE MORE CHANCE BEFORE THE CIRCUS HITS TOWN— MAKE SURE YOU DON'T MESS UP TOMORROW!

SURE, BOSS, SURE — HE'S AS GOOD AS DEAD ALREADY!

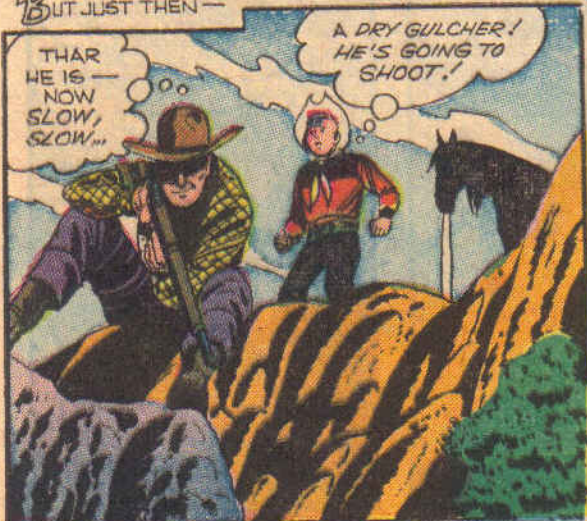


TOMORROW COMES—



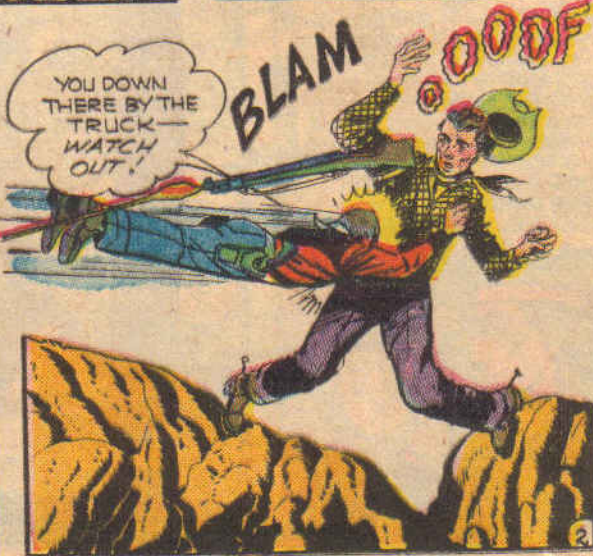
THOSE SPIKES ON THE ROAD STOPPED THEM, ALL RIGHT. NOW ALL I GOTTA DO IS LINE UP MY SIGHTS AN' SQUEEZE THUH TRIGGER!

BUT JUST THEN—



THAR HE IS— NOW SLOW, SLOW...

A DRY GULCHER! HE'S GOING TO SHOOT!



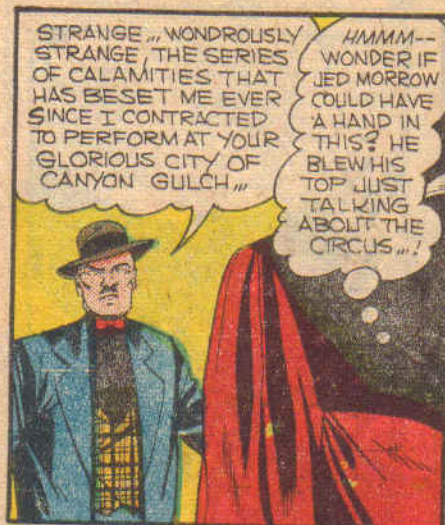
YOU DOWN THERE BY THE TRUCK— WATCH OUT!

BLAM OOOOF

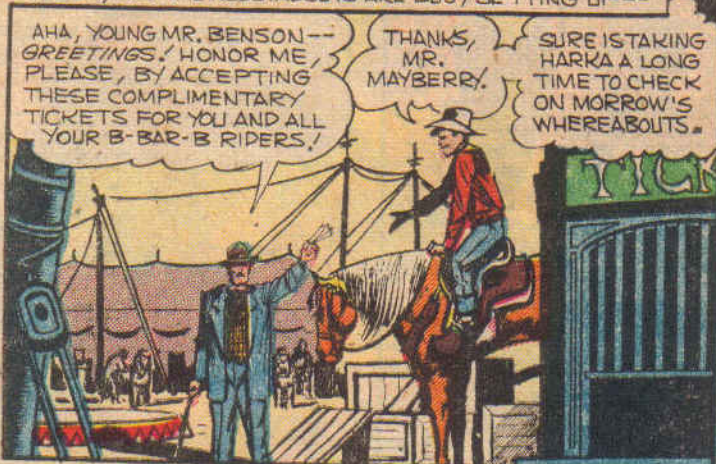
BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



A MOMENT LATER--



THE NEXT MORNING... THE CIRCUS HAS ARRIVED IN CANYON GULCH, AND THE ROUSTABOUTS ARE BUSY SETTING UP--



BUT AT THAT MOMENT--

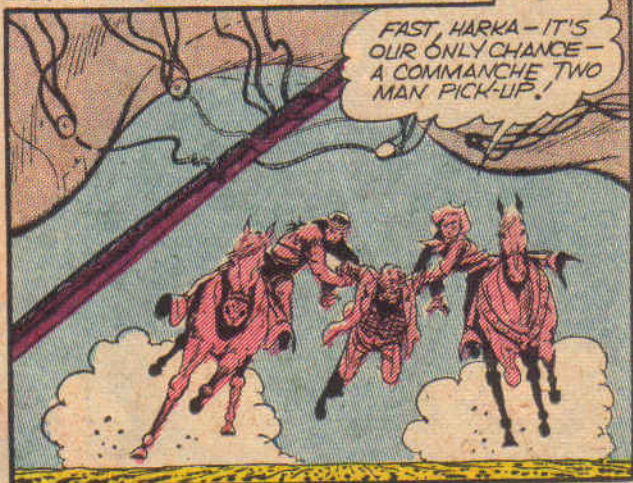


BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

ROOTED BY FEAR, THE CIRCUS OWNER CRINGES HELPLESSLY IN THE PATH OF DEATH —



BUT AT THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT —



FAST, HARKA — IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE — A COMMANCHE TWO MAN PICK-UP!

"RECEIVED A NOTE THIS MORNING — TELLING ME TO BE IN FRONT OF THE BIG TENT AT 11 O'CLOCK... I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHO WANTS TO KILL ME, AND WHY?"

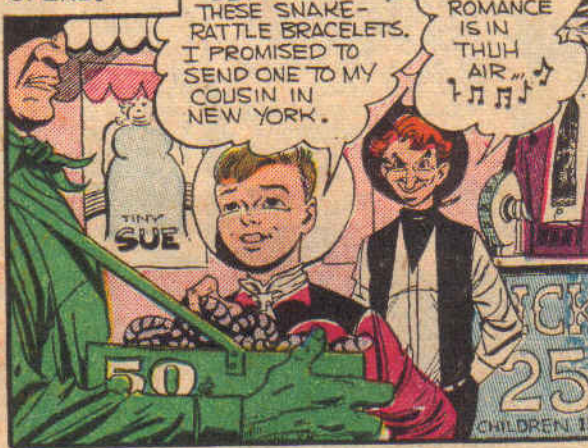
THAT'S WHAT WE AIM TO FIND OUT, MR. MAYBERRY. I'LL SEE THE SHERIFF ABOUT POSTING A GUARD ON YOU.



THAT NIGHT — THE CIRCUS OPENS.

I'M STOPPING A MINUTE TO BUY ONE OF THESE SNAKE-RATTLE BRACELETS. I PROMISED TO SEND ONE TO MY COUSIN IN NEW YORK.

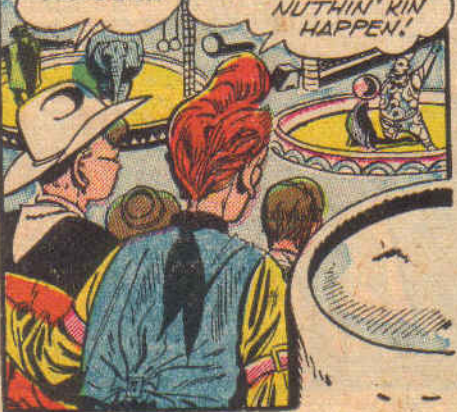
ROMANCE, ROMANCE IS IN THE AIR...



LATER —

WISH I COULD LAUGH TOO... BUT THERE'S THAT FEELING THAT MAYBERRY'S STILL IN DANGER...

DON'T WORRY, BOBBY. MAYBERRY IS RING-MASTER, RIGHT OUT THERE IN THUH OPEN WITH MORE 'N A THOUSAND FOLKS WATCHIN' — NUTHIN' KIN HAPPEN!

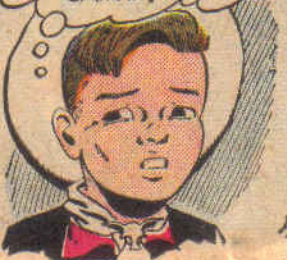


SUDDENLY BOBBY'S EYES ARE STARTLED TO SEE —



MORROW — LAUGHING HIS HEAD OFF AT A CLOWN. AND HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THE MAN WHO DIDN'T LIKE A CIRCUS.

I GET IT NOW! THAT FIGHT HE HAD WITH LAYTON COULD HAVE BEEN A FAKE! SURE! LAYTON COULD HAVE PAID MORROW TO HELP HIM WITH THE ACT SO HE COULD THROW SUSPICION OFF HIMSELF FOR WHAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN... BUT THEN AGAIN — LAYTON'S THE RICHEST MAN IN THE TERRITORY. WHAT WOULD HE STAND TO GAIN...!



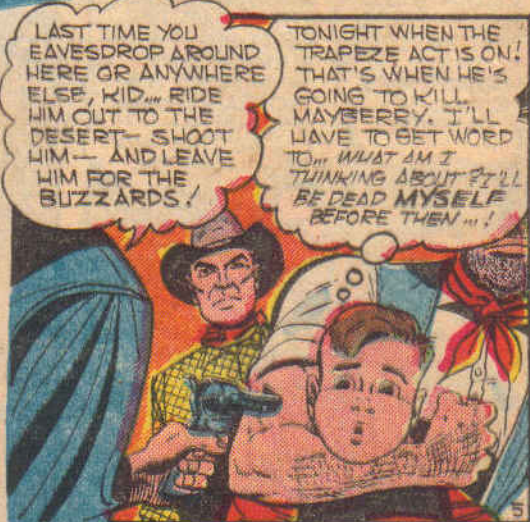
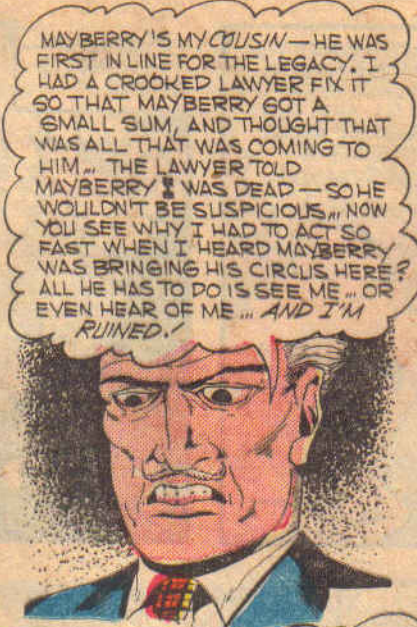
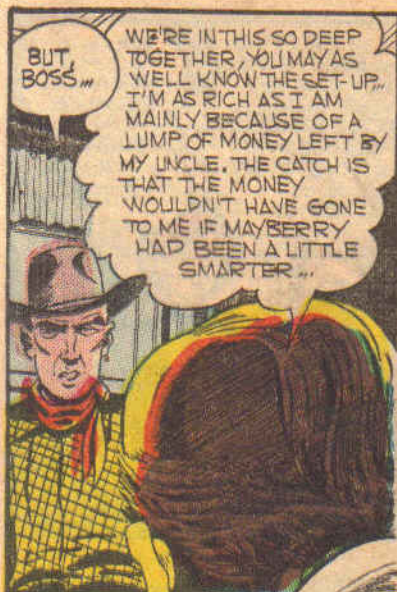
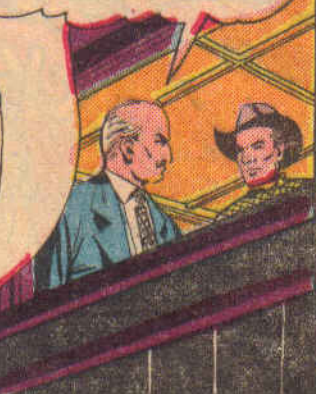
BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

AFTER TELLING HIS RANCHERS HE'LL BE RIGHT BACK—



THOUGHT HE'D BE AT THE CIRCUS AND I'D BE ABLE TO LOOK AROUND— BUT LISTENING MIGHT EVEN DO MORE GOOD!

YOU'VE BUNGLED SO OFTEN, I'M HANDLING IT MYSELF THIS TIME— TONIGHT AT THE CIRCUS, WHILE THE TRAPEZE ACT IS ON...



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

BE CAREFUL NOW— THAT BOY'S AS SLIPPERY AS AN EEL!

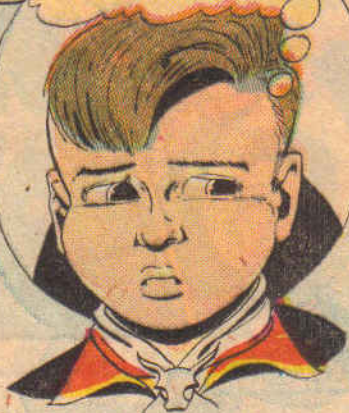
I STILL DON'T SEE WHY HAL RIDES THAT SNAKE-SHY HOSS OF HIS...



MUST'VE GONE OVER FIVE MILES NOW... HE KEEPS TOO CLOSE TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT... LOOKS LIKE THE END FOR BOBBY BENSON...



WAIT! WHAT WAS THE LAST THING THE SIDEWINDER IN THE CHECKERED SHIRT SAID JUST AS WE RODE OFF— SOMETHING ABOUT THAT HORSE BEING SNAKE SHY... THE SNAKE-RATTLE BRACELET FOR MY COUSIN— IT'S ON MY WRIST!

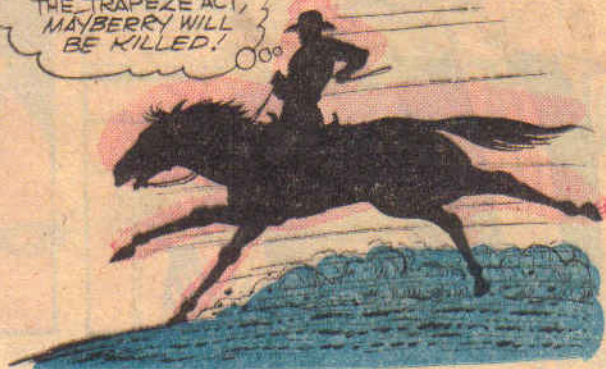


BOBBY SHAKES HIS WRIST VIGOROUSLY, AND THE OMINOUS CLICKING SENDS HIS CAPTOR'S HORSE INTO A WILD FRENZY—

IT WORKED!



JUST AS WELL... I HAVE TO MAKE TRACKS TO THE CIRCUS PRONTO! IF I DON'T GET THERE IN TIME FOR THE TRAPEZE ACT, MAYBERRY WILL BE KILLED!



LATER—

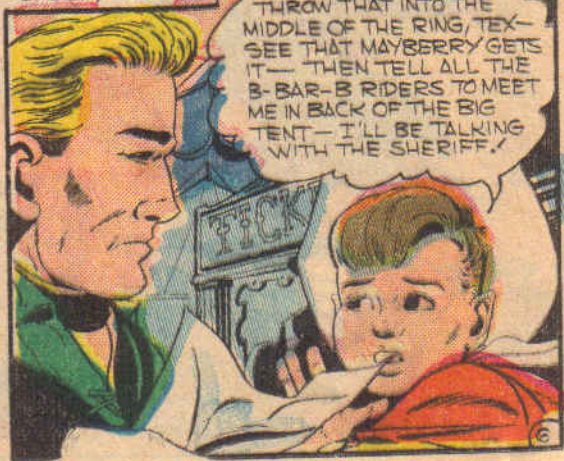
THE TRAPEZE ACT— HAS IT STARTED YET?

WHERE'VE YOU BEEN, BOBBY? TRAPEZE ACT? YES— IT'S JUST STARTED...



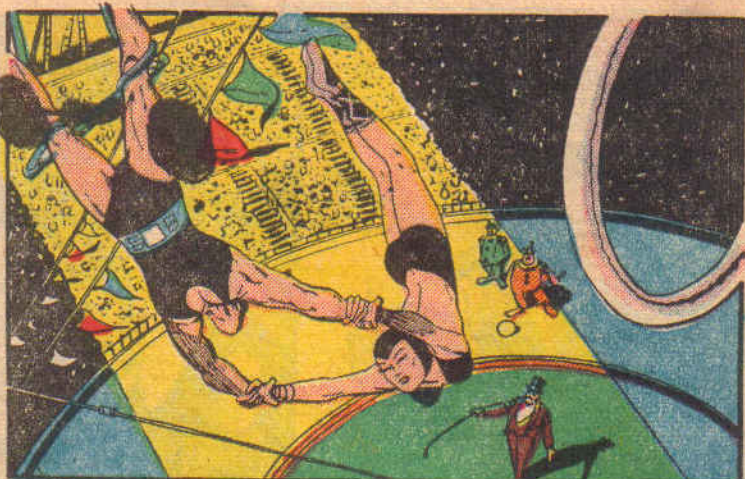
BOBBY SCRIBBLES A NOTE WITH DESPERATE SPEED, THEN—

THROW THAT INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE RING, TEX— SEE THAT MAYBERRY GETS IT— THEN TELL ALL THE B-BAR-B RIDERS TO MEET ME IN BACK OF THE BIG TENT— I'LL BE TALKING WITH THE SHERIFF!



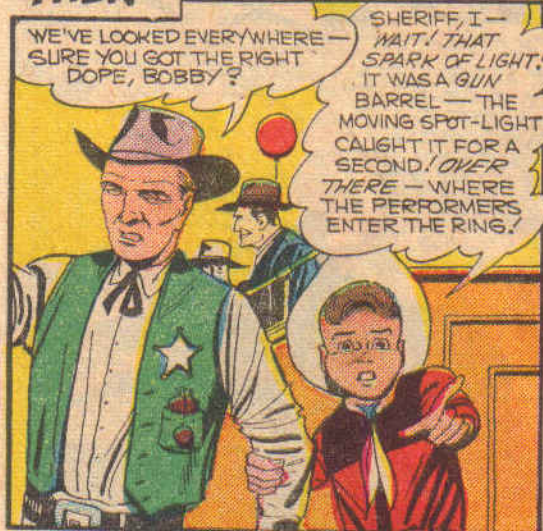
BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

A FEW MINUTES LATER—

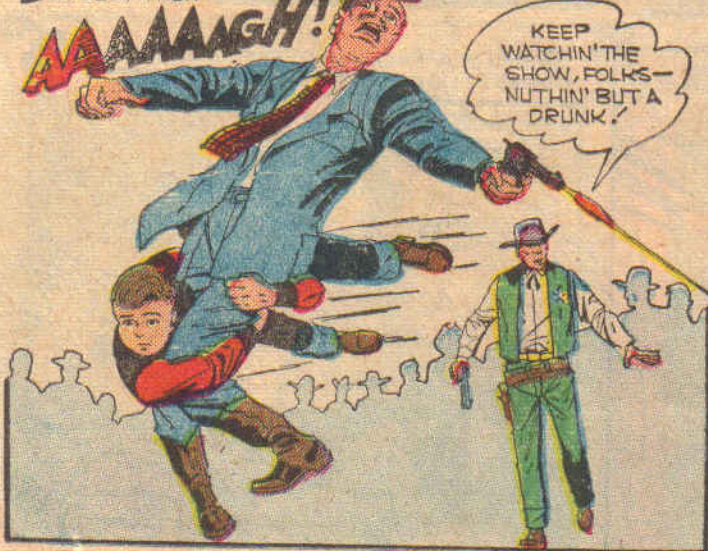


SAVE FOR SPOTLIGHTS, THE BIG TENT IS SHROUDED IN DARKNESS. WITH BATED BREATH, THE CROWD WATCHES THE WHIRLING ACROBATS, UNAWARE THAT SOMEWHERE IN THEIR MIDST, SITS — **DEATH!**

THEN—



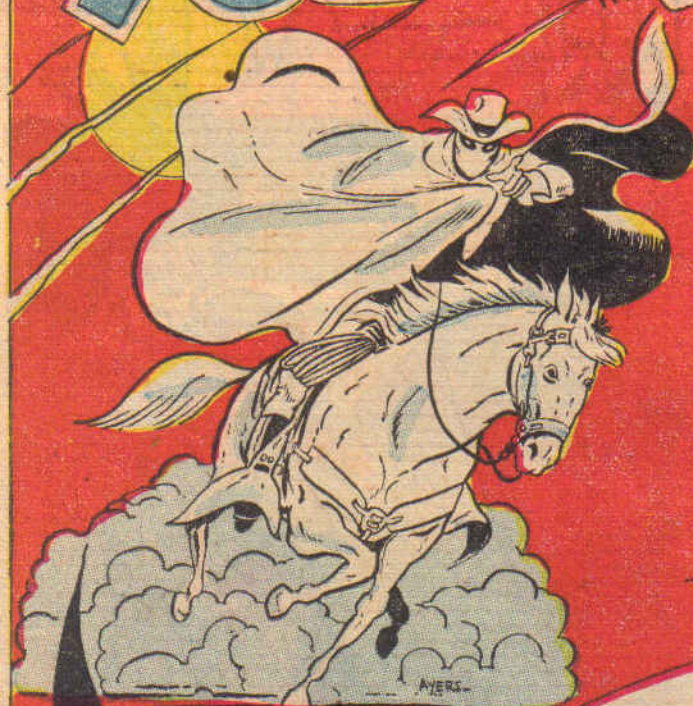
BUT JUST THEN—



LATER—IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, AFTER ALL THE PIECES OF THE PUZZLE HAVE BEEN PUT TOGETHER—



YOU be THE GHOST RIDER



Amaze your friends
with this weird scarf
that becomes a real
Ghost Rider mask

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A jet-black rayon crepe
scarf...with the name of
THE GHOST RIDER bannered
on it...and a **SPOOKY**
white mask that becomes a
GHOST RIDER SKULL when
the mask is tied on...!

MAIL
COUPON
AND
\$1⁰⁰
TO:

Magazine Enterprises
10 Murray St. New York 7, N.Y.

BB-16

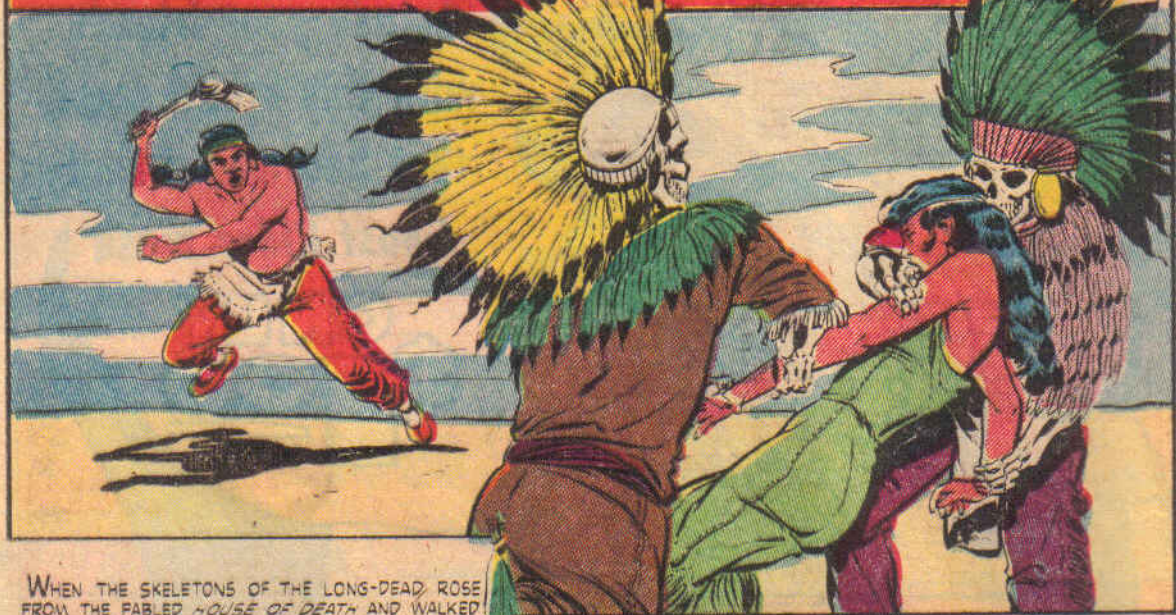
NAME NARFSTAR

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

NO C.O.D.S. SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER

RED HAWK



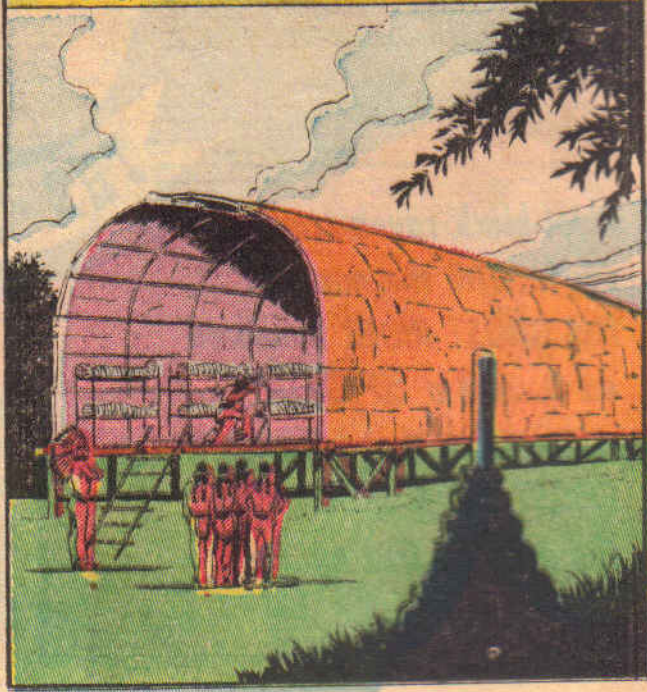
WHEN THE SKELETONS OF THE LONG-DEAD ROSE FROM THE FABLED *HOUSE OF DEATH* AND WALKED AMONG THE LIVING—WHEN THE GRAVE REACHED OUT BONY FINGERS FROM THE ISLAND OF THE ENTOMBED—THEN **RED HAWK** FOUND HIMSELF FACING THE STRANGE, GRIM THREAT OF—

"The Ghost Killers!"

FOR UNTOLD GENERATIONS, THE WANDERING TRIBES OF THE PLAINS INDIANS HAVE BURIED THEIR DEAD ON AN ISLAND SET IN A PRAIRIE LAKE



HERE IN A GREAT BARK BUILDING, NEARLY THREE HUNDRED YARDS LONG, THE DEAD ARE INTERRED ON POLE-HELD BIERES...



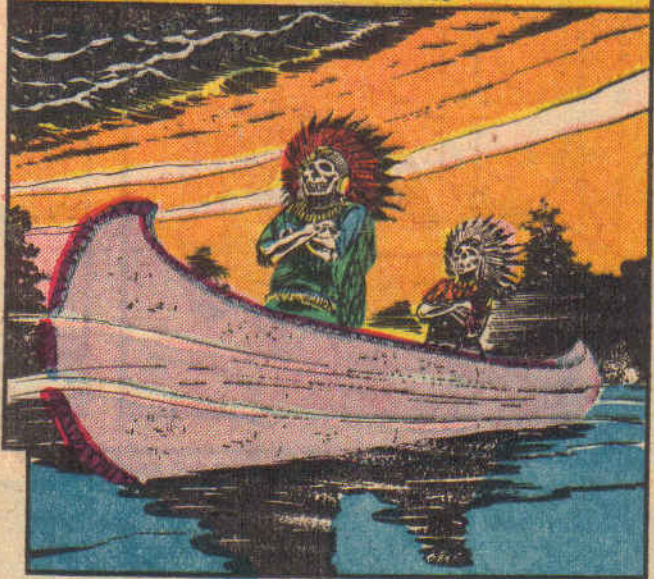
BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

AS THE TRIBE, OF WHICH RED HAWK IS A YOUNG WAR CHIEF SETS UP ITS TEPEE POLES BY THE SIDE OF THE LAKE OF THE DEAD, KA-NEE-MA, THE MEDICINE MAN, CRIES OUT WITH SHOCK AND FEAR!

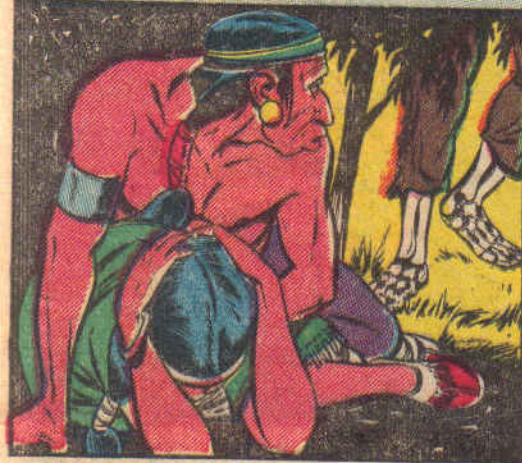
HAI!!—
LOOK YONDER!
ON THE LAKE—
DEAD SPIRITS!



AIE! DEAD SPIRITS IN A CANOE— IN A CANOE THAT MOVES, THOUGH NO MAN PADDLES IT...!



MEN AND WOMEN SHRINK BACK IN MORTAL FEAR, FOR THESE ARE NOT MEN, BUT THE SPIRITS OF THOSE WHO HAVE CROSSED OVER INTO THE WAKAN TANKA'S HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS....!



WHAT WANT YOU WITH ME...?



SILENTLY THE SKELETON FIGURES MOVE TOWARD THE WATER, DRAGGING THE FRENZIED TALL DOG WITH THEM...

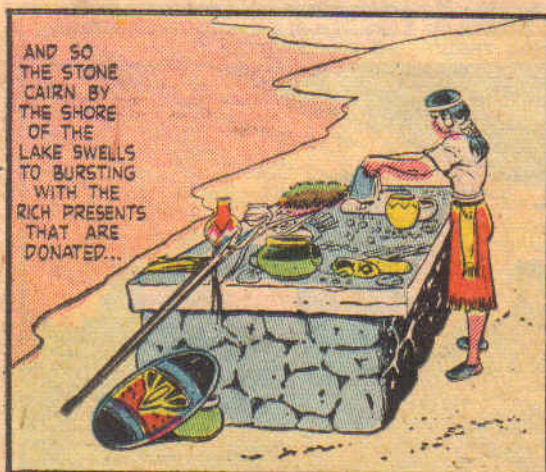
I DON'T WANT TO...DIE! DON'T TAKE ME...DON'T...DON'T...!



THAT NIGHT, THE MEDICINE FIRES OF KA-NEE-MA BURN WITH MANY-COLORED FLAMES. HIS VOICE CHANTS OUT IN THE CRIMSONED NIGHT—

IT IS WHISPERED TO ME BY NAKINA, SISTER OF THE WAKAN TANKA, THAT HE IS DIS- PLEASED! HE DEMANDS PROOF OF OUR LOYALTY! GIFTS! RICH GIFTS! OTHERWISE... DEATH....!





AND SO
THE STONE
CAIRN BY
THE SHORE
OF THE
LAKE SWELLS
TO BURSTING
WITH THE
RICH PRESENTS
THAT ARE
DONATED...



BUT
SOME
THERE
ARE IN
THE
TRIBE
WHO
ARE TOO
POOR
TO MAKE
PRESENTS.
TO
THESE AT
NIGHT
COME
THE DREAD
SKELETONS...

AAAAHHH EEEE!!!



THE SCREAM OF SOFT DOE RIPS THE NIGHT, AND BRINGS
YOUNG RED HAWK TO THE FLAP OF HIS TEPEE...

THEY TAKE
SOFT DOE, WHO IS
SWEET AND GOOD,
WHO NEVER SAYS
UNKIND THINGS, OR
HURTS ANYONE!



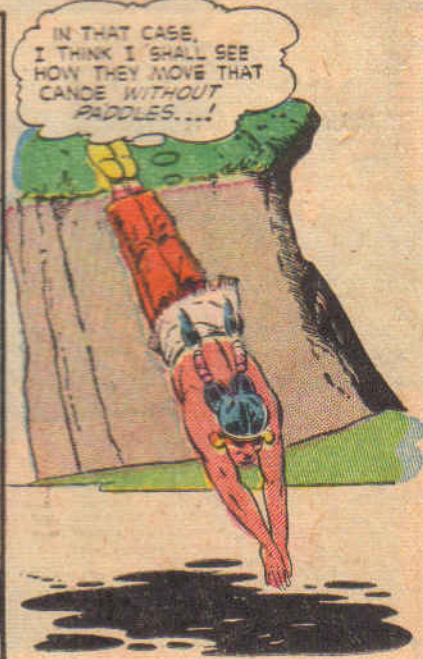
I CANNOT BELIEVE
THE GOOD WAKAN TANKA
WOULD WANT THE LIFE
OF LITTLE SOFT DOE!
FOR THE GREAT SPIRIT
IS GOOD AND JUST...



HAI! A
MOCCASIN, PULLED
OFF A FOOT BY THE
SUCTION OF THE SOFT
MUD! BUT SUCH
QUEER MARKINGS
ON IT! ALL BLACK-
WITH THE PICTURE
OF BONES!



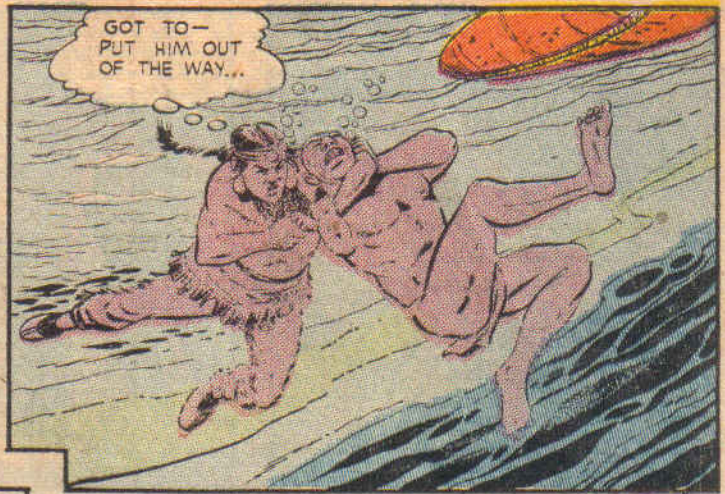
AND BEYOND THE MOCCASIN-
THE PRINT OF A BARE FOOT!
AN INDIAN'S FOOT! HAI! I
BEGIN TO SEE THE LIGHT IN THIS
DARK MUDDLE. THOSE SKELETONS
ARE AS MUCH FLESH AND BLOOD
AS I AM! THEY PAINT THEIR
BODIES AND CLOTHES TO LOOK
LIKE DEAD SPIRITS....!



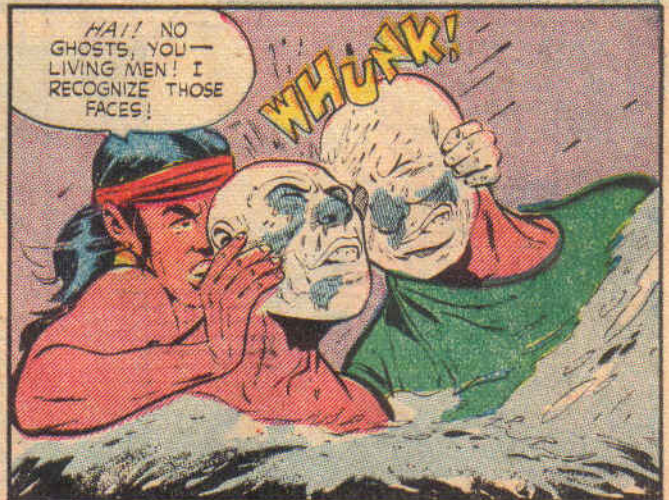
IN THAT CASE,
I THINK I SHALL SEE
HOW THEY MOVE THAT
CANOE WITHOUT
PADDLES....!

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

MOMENTS LATER, DEEP IN THE COLD WATERS OF THE LAKE...



A DRIPPING HAND RISES FROM THE WATERS. IT CLUTCHES THE EDGE OF THE CANOE, AND TUGS—



COME, SOFT DOE! WHILE THEY FLOUNDER AROUND, WE'LL GET AWAY!



NO WONDER THEY WERE SILENT ALL THE TIME, IF THEY HAD SPOKEN, WE'D HAVE RECOGNIZED THEIR VOICES! BUT COME—I MUST HIDE YOU...



AS RED HAWK RACES INTO THE HILLS, PAINT-SPATTERED MEN RISE FROM THE LAKE WATERS...

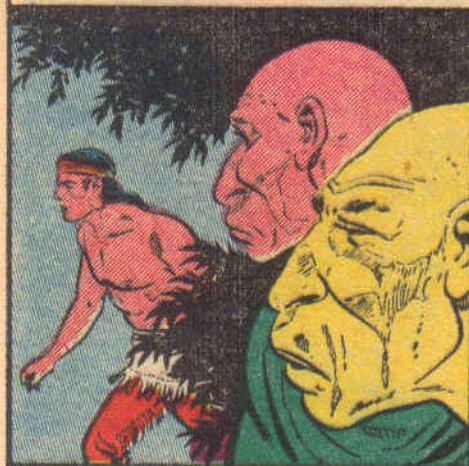
WE MUST FIND RED HAWK!

AI—AND SLAY HIM...



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

WITH SOFT DOE SAFELY HIDDEN, RED HAWK MOVES TOWARD THE CHEYENNE CAMP...

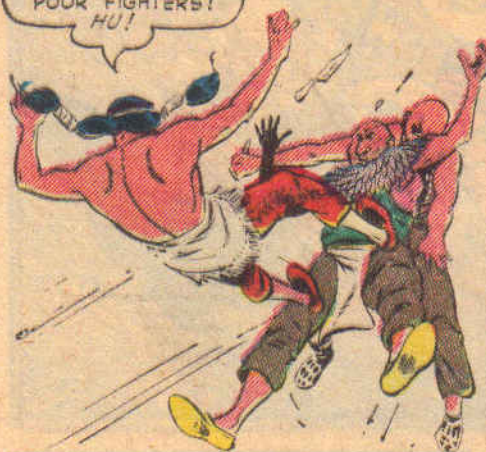


YOUR TIME HAS COME, RED HAWK!

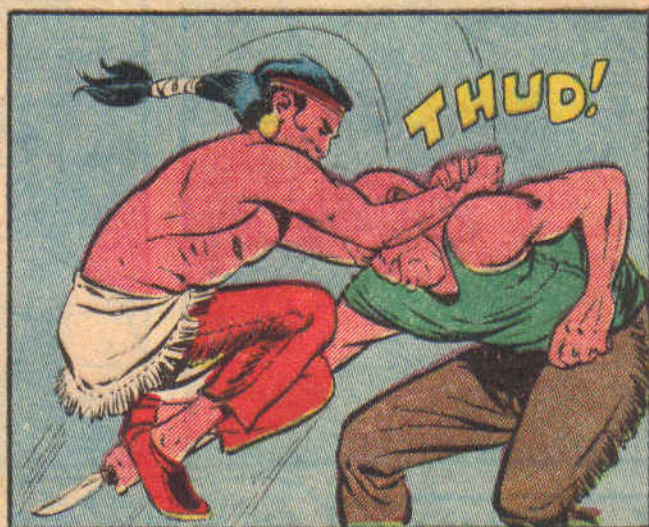
AI— NOW YOU DIE!



BIG TALKERS— POOR FIGHTERS! HU!



THUD!



MISSED! HAI— BUT I SHALL NOT MISS!

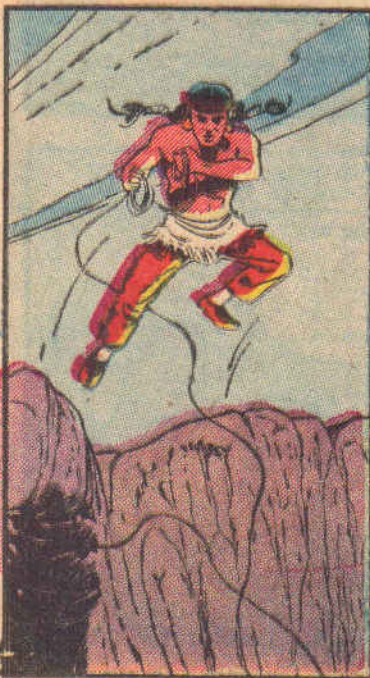
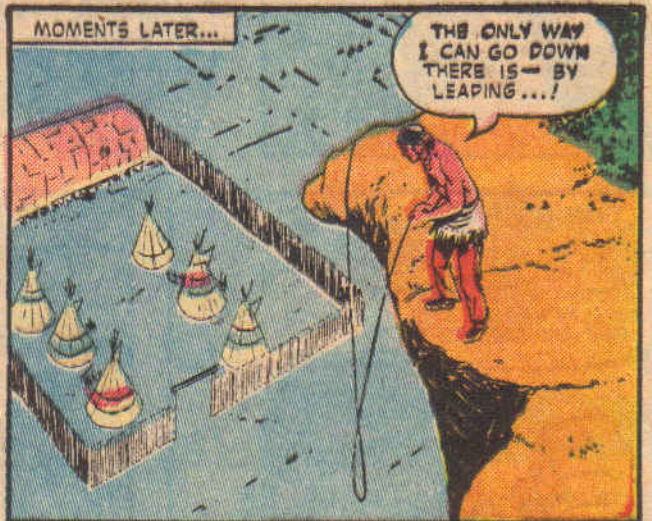
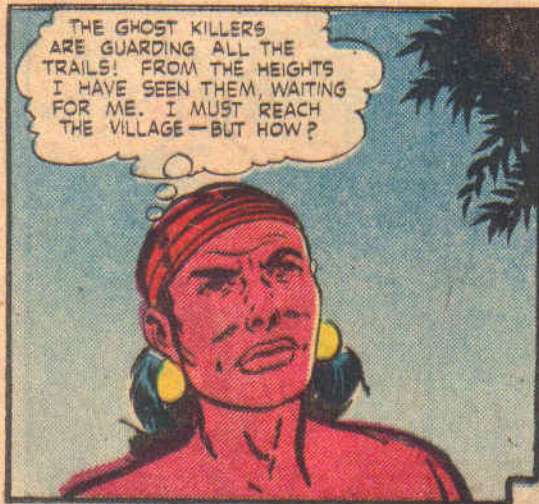


GNNNGGG!!!

KLUNK!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



OUTWARD AND DOWNWARD HE DROPS, FALLING LIKE A STONE! AND THEN THE ROP TAUTENS, AND RED HAWK SWINGS LIKE A PENDULUM—



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

HE LANDS ON A PILE OF SLOPING SAND AND TUMBLES...



MOMENTS LATER—

THESE WERE NO GHOSTS! THEY ARE THE MEN OF OUR OWN TRIBE! GREEN WOLF I SAW-AND FLYING FOX! AND IF THEY ARE NOT GHOSTS— THEN KA-NEE-MA LIED WHEN HE SPOKE OF THE SPIRITS...!



SPEAK, KA-NEE-MA! YOU MADE MY PEOPLE GIVE RICH GIFTS TO THESE GHOST KILLERS! DID YOU LIE?

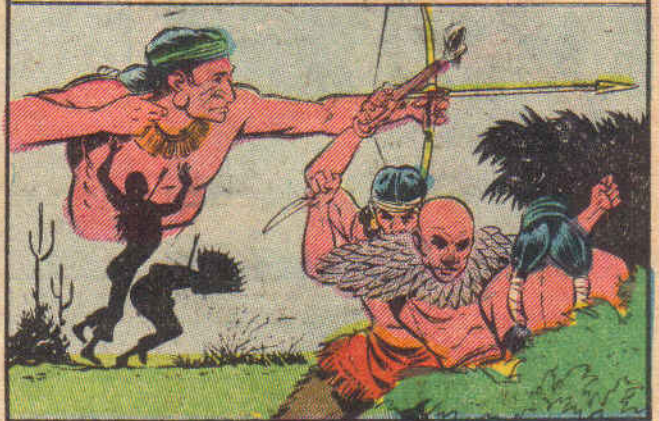
NO! I SPOKE THE TRUTH! RED HAWK LIES!



THERE IS AN EASY WAY TO TEST WHO LIES! IN THE HILLS, THE FALSE GHOST KILLERS LURK ALONG THE TRAILS, HOPING TO SLAY ME! WE WILL FIND AND CAPTURE THEM!



HERE AND THERE ALONG THE TRAILS, RED HAWK AND HIS CHEYENNE BROTHERS SEEK OUT THE KILLERS...



THEIR ARMS TIED, THEY ARE PARADED INTO THE VILLAGE FROM WHICH THEY HAVE SNATCHED THEIR VICTIMS...



WITH KA-NEE-MA, THEY FACE THEIR PUNISHMENT: LIFE BANISHMENT FROM THE TRIBE!

IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, I'D BE DEAD NOW... AND THOSE MEN WOULD BE RULING OUR PEOPLE WITH A HAND OF IRON! THANK YOU, RED HAWK...



THE END

WINDY WALES

WHEN AN OLD INDIAN LEGEND COMES TO LIFE AMID THE CACTUS WASTES OF THE BIG BEND COUNTRY, WINDY WALES DISCOVERS THAT TROUBLE ALWAYS COMES IN PAIRS — FOR THE APPEARANCE OF **THE FLAMING DEVIL** ONLY LED WINDY INTO TROUBLE WITH A GANG OF BANK-ROBBERS, WHO KNEW NOTHING ABOUT —

The FIRE DEMON of GHOST CANYON

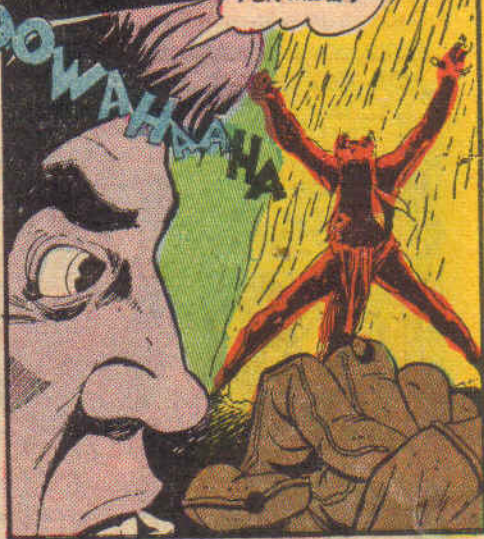


"THIS IS HOW IT ALL BEGAN, I WAS PLUMB TIRED, YOU SEE. I WAS MOSEYIN' HOME THROUGH GHOST CANYON WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN —"



"I TURNED MY HEAD — AND SAW —"

THE KIOWA FIRE DEMON! I'VE HEARD TELL ABOUT IT! THIS IS NO PLACE FER ME —!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

"WELL, NATURALLY, I TRIED TO REIN IN MY BRONC TO GET A BETTER LOOK, BUT SOMEHOW, THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED..."

WHAT YOU STANDIN' STILL FOR, BRONC? GET MOVIN'!



"I TOLD THE BOYS AT THE B-BAR-B ALL ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED, BUT DID I GET ANY SYMPATHY?"

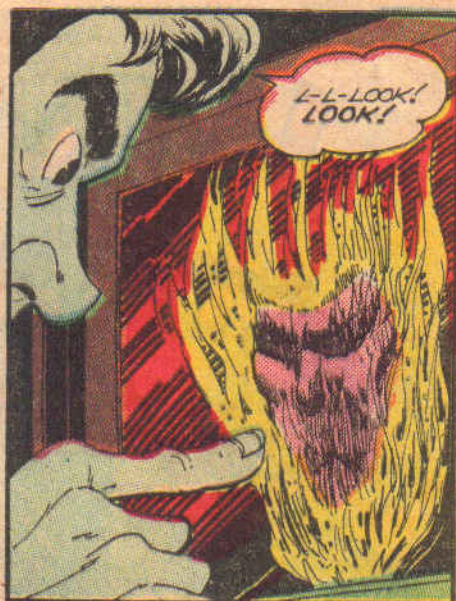
HIA!
HIA!

HAW!
HAW!

IT AIN'T FUNNY!

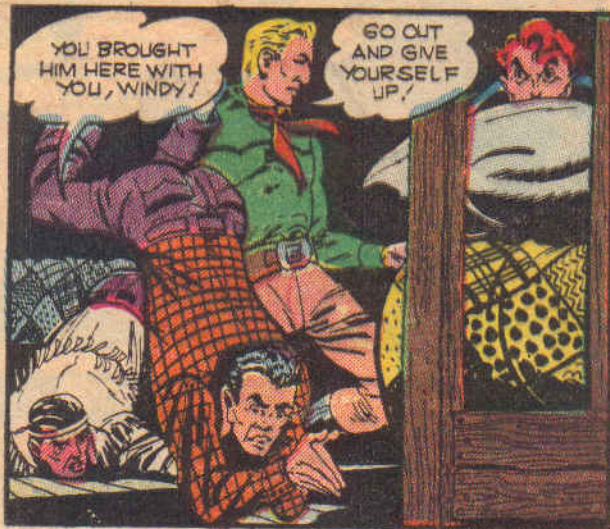


L-L-LOOK!
LOOK!

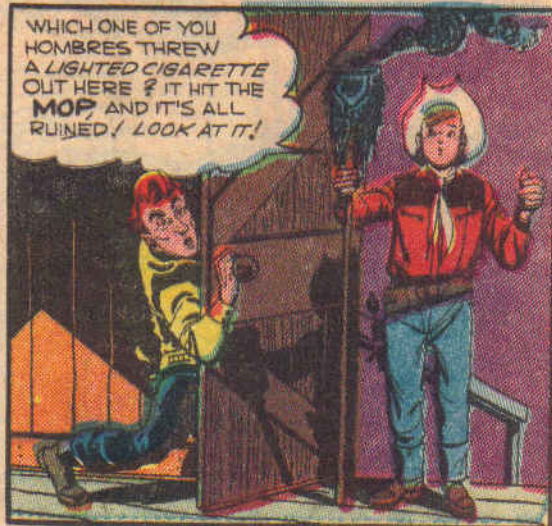


YOU BROUGHT HIM HERE WITH YOU, WINDY!

GO OUT AND GIVE YOURSELF UP!



WHICH ONE OF YOU HOMBRES THREW A LIGHTED CIGARETTE OUT HERE? IT HIT THE MOP, AND IT'S ALL RUINED! LOOK AT IT!



FOR A MOMENT, THERE IS A STUNNED SILENCE, AND THEN THE B-BAR-B COWBOYS EXPLODE!

I'LL SET WINDY DID IT!

SURE! HE MADE UP THE WHOLE THING TO GET A RISE OUT OF US!

LET'S COOL HIM OFF!



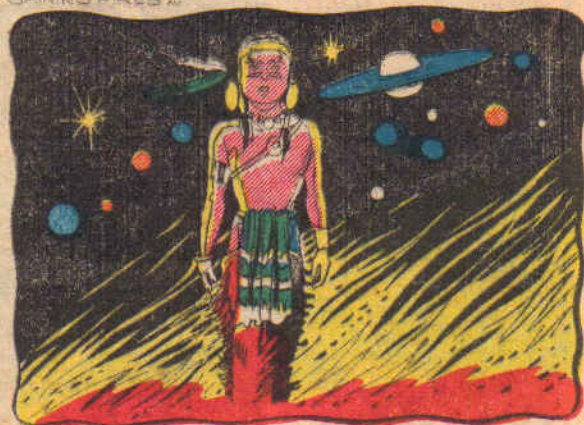
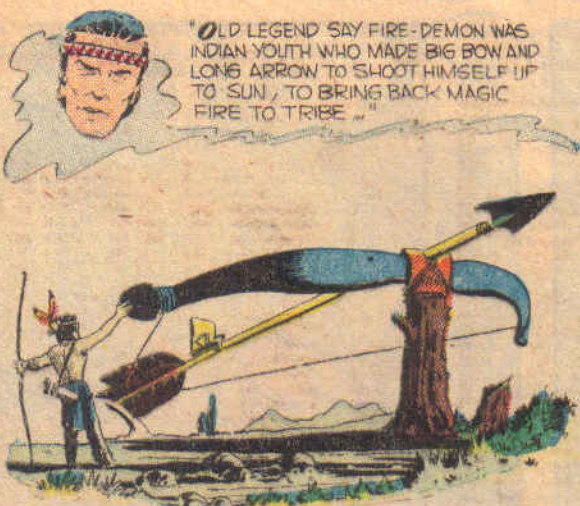
BOYS HAVE JOKE AND BIG LAUGH, BUT THERE IS KIOWA FIRE-DEMON! HEAP BAD MEDICINE! BETTER NOT SEE UM, BOBBY!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

"OLD LEGEND SAY FIRE-DEMON WAS INDIAN YOUTH WHO MADE BIG BOW AND LONG ARROW TO SHOOT HIMSELF UP TO SUN, TO BRING BACK MAGIC FIRE TO TRIBE."

"WE SHOT HIMSELF HIGH UP INTO AIR TOWARD SUN, HE REACH SUN, AND WITH MAGIC HERBS SMEARED ON HIM BY MEDICINE-MAN, HE WALKED AROUND IN THE GREAT GLUING FIRES."

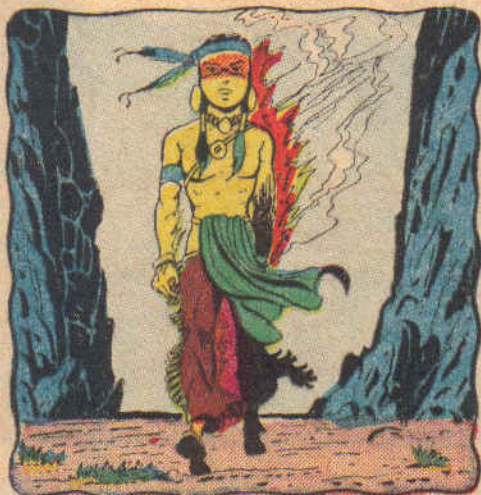


"BUT WHEN HE RETURN TO EARTH, HE WAS STILL ON FIRE FROM THE GREAT HEAT. NO ONE COULD GO NEAR HIM. HE WENT OFF TO LIVE BY HIMSELF IN GHOST CANYON."

"HUH! THAT SURE WAS THE GENT I SAW! ALL ON FIRE."

"OH, WINDY! YOU *DON'T* BELIEVE THAT STORY, DO YOU? IT'S JUST A LEGEND, AN INDIAN FABLE."

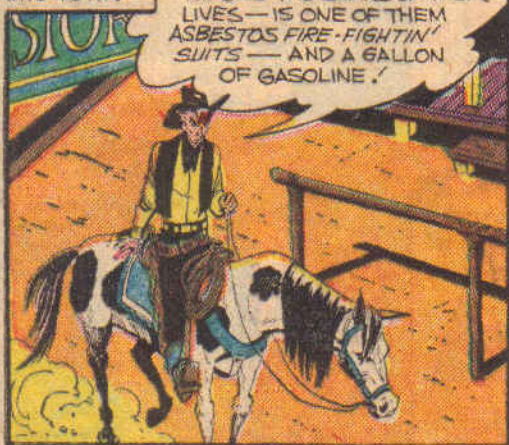
"BELIEVE IT? WELL, I AIN'T SAYIN' — BUT IT SURE HAS GIVEN ME AN IDEA."



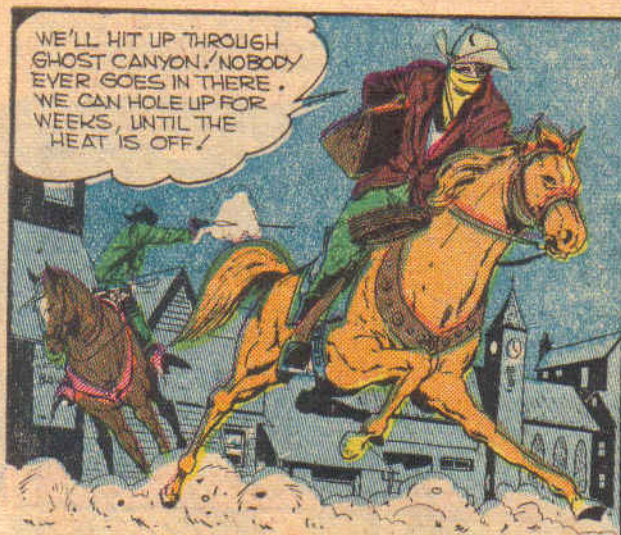
NEXT DAY WINDY RIDES INTO TOWN —

"ALL I'LL NEED — TO GIVE THEM SMART ALECKY B-BAR-B RIDERS THE SCARE OF THEIR LIVES — IS ONE OF THEM ASBESTOS FIRE-FIGHTIN' SUITS — AND A GALLON OF GASOLINE."

MEANWHILE, UNKNOWN TO WINDY, TWO MASKED GUNMEN ARE ROBBING THE SILVER FALLS BANK TWENTY MILES TO THE NORTH.



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



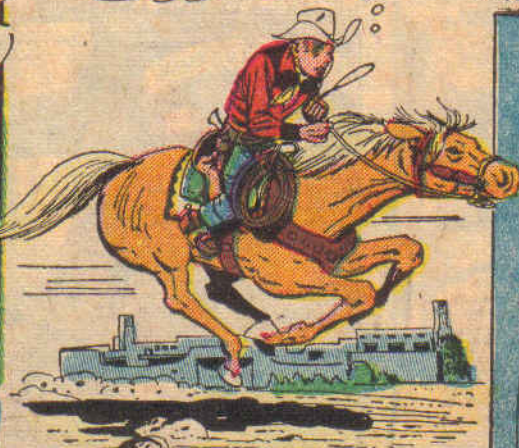
AT THE B-BAR-B RANCH HOUSE, IN THE MEANTIME,

THE SHERIFF AT SILVER FALLS? BANK ROBBERS HEADING IN THIS DIRECTION? YESSIR, I'LL RIDE OUT AND TELL TEX AND THE BOYS TO KEEP THEIR EYES PEELED!

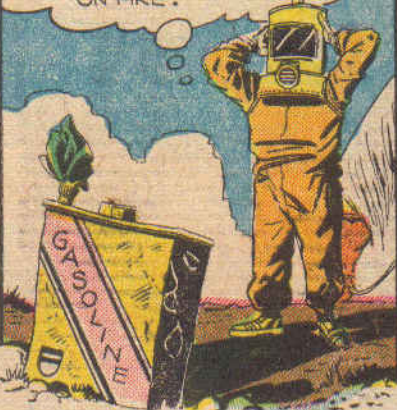
TEX AND THE OTHERS ARE PULLING BOG IN THE NORTH HILLS — SHORTEST WAY THERE IS THROUGH THE CANYONS!

IN GHOST CANYON, MUCH LATER...

WHAT'S THIS? AN ASBESTOS FIRE-FIGHTER'S SUIT AND A CAN OF GASOLINE? I'LL BET A COOKIE THIS IS SOME OF WINDY WALES' WORK! HE'S GOING TO PLAY SOME SORT OF TRICK ON THE BOYS...



WAIT! LL WINDY COMES BACK HERE! I'LL GIVE HIM A SCARE! HE WAS GOING TO POSE AS THE FIRE-DEMON, WAS HE? WELL, I'LL BE THE ONE WHO DOES THE POSING! WHEN I GET IN THIS THING, I'LL POUR GASOLINE OVER IT AND SET IT ON FIRE!



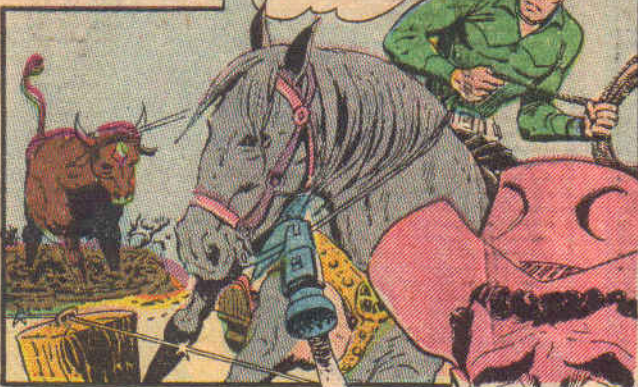
WONDER WHERE WINDY IS, ANYHOW? THERE ARE SOME TRACKS HERE THAT— WAIT! TWO MEN ON HORSES! ONE STOPPED TO TALK TO WINDY!



TO BOBBY— WHO HAS BEEN WELL TRAINED IN THE STUDY OF TRACKS AND TRAILING BY HARKA— THE STORY IS AS CLEAR AS A PRINTED PAGE!!!



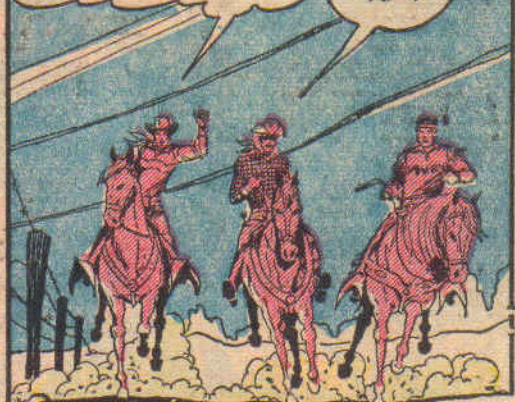
AT THAT MOMENT, ON THE SLOPES OF THE NORTH HILLS OF THE B-BAR-B RANCH!!!



GOT HIM OUT! YOU READY WITH THAT FENCING?

WE'LL CUT THROUGH GHOST CANYON ON OUR WAY BACK TO THE RANCH. IT'S A LOT SHORTER THAN RIDING AROUND IT!

MAYBE WE'LL SEE WINDY'S FIRE DEMON! HA! HA!



TEX, LOOK! MEBBE WE LAUGHED AT WINDY TOO SOON! IT IS THE FIRE DEVIL!



HE'S JUMPING UP AND DOWN! SEEMS ALMOST LIKE HE'S TRYING TO TELL US SOMETHING!

THE FIRE DEVIL LEAPS AND JUMPS! MUFFLED IN THE CLOSE FOLDS OF THE ASBESTOS SUIT, HIS VOICE CANNOT BE HEARD.

I CAN'T MAKE IT OUT! ALL HE DOES IS HOP UP AND DOWN!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

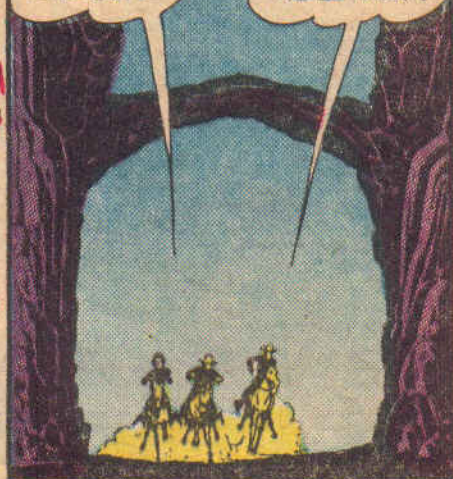
SUDDENLY THE FIRE DEMON BENDS AND TOUCHES HIS FLAMING HANDS TO THE EARTH. HE DRAWS LETTERS OF FIRE IN THE SAND....



BY
MEN
BANK
ROBBERS
THRU
SADDLE
GAP

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES— BUT THERE'S ONE SURE WAY TO FIND OUT.

THERE SURE IS. IF SOMEBODY HAS WINDY— WE'LL KNOW.



SOME DISTANCE AHEAD OF THE GALLOPING B-BAR-B RIDERS—

LISTEN! I HEAR HOORS!

YEAH— A LOT OF 'EM!

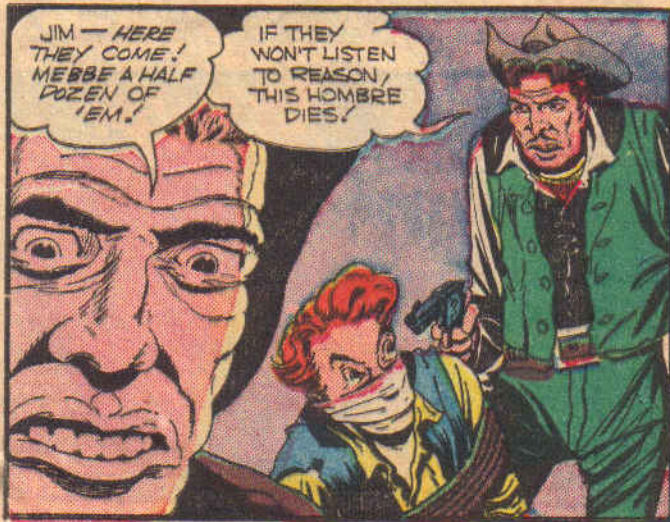


C'MERE, YOU! IF THEM'S LAWMEN, YOU GET A BULLET IN YOUR HEAD!



JIM— HERE THEY COME! MEBBE A HALF DOZEN OF 'EM.

IF THEY WON'T LISTEN TO REASON, THIS HOMBRE DIES!



SAY YOUR PRAYERS, HOMBRE! ONE GUNSHOT— AN' I PRESS THIS TRIGGER!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

REIN UP, GENTS!
ONE STEP FURTHER
AN' THIS GALLOOT
GETS IT!

IT'S
WINDY,
ALL
RIGHT!

NO MAN HAS EVER BEATEN TEX MASON'S DRAW! SO
SUDDENLY DO HIS HANDS BLUR THAT EVEN THE
GUNMEN WITH HIS SIXGUN TRAINED ON HIM IS
CAUGHT BY SURPRISE!

Yippee!

IRISH - GET
THE OTHER ONE!
I'LL HANDLE
THIS
HOMBRE!

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE,
TEX. A PLUMB
PLEASURE!

NEXT DAY, IN THE B-BAR-B BUNKHOUSE, AFTER
THE CAPTURED BANK ROBBERS HAVE BEEN
TURNED OVER TO THE LAW...

YOU MEAN - YOU FELLERS SAW
THE FIRE DEMON? REALLY
AN' HONEST TO GOSH
TRULY?

SURE DID,
WINDY. HE TOLD
US THE BANK
ROBBERS HAD
YOU. ONLY ONE THING
PUZZLES ME...

HOW
DID THE
FIRE
DEMON
KNOW
THOSE
MEN
WERE
THE
ROBBERS!

THE SHERIFF CALLED
UP AND DESCRIBED
THEIR HOOFPRIENTS!
I SAW THEM ON THE
TRAIL - AND SO -
TEX! YOU
TRICKED ME!

I'LL KEEP YOUR
"FIRE DEMON"
IDENTITY A SECRET,
BOBBY. IT'LL KEEP
WINDY OUT OF
MISCHIEF, TRYING
TO FIGURE IT
OUT!

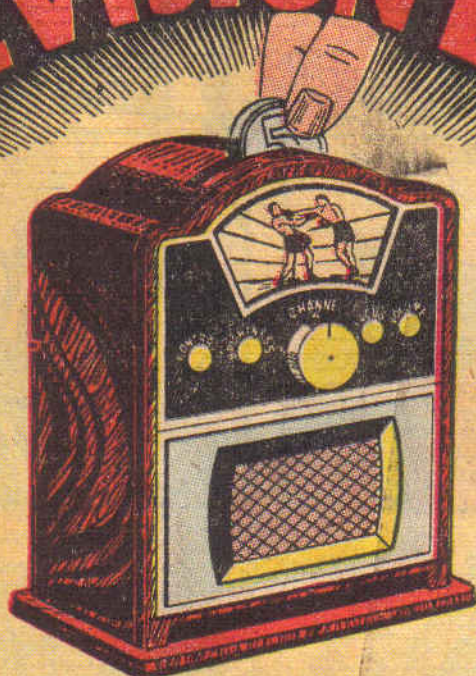
THE SHOW'S ON,
GANG!

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Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midget wonder!

LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN! Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE! Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE! When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST! Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

IT'S A HONEY—IN EVERY DETAIL! You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, $4\frac{3}{4}$ " x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

**BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL
NEW TELEVISION BANK! SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY!**

NEWEST DECORATOR'S NOTE TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last work in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

SEAGEE CO., Dept. ME-5
2 Allen Street, New York 2, N. Y.

☐ Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name _____
(Please Print Plainly)

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ I enclose \$1.98. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

SEAGEE CO., 2 Allen St., Dept. ME-5, New York-2, N. Y.

Super POWERFUL!



LONG RANGE

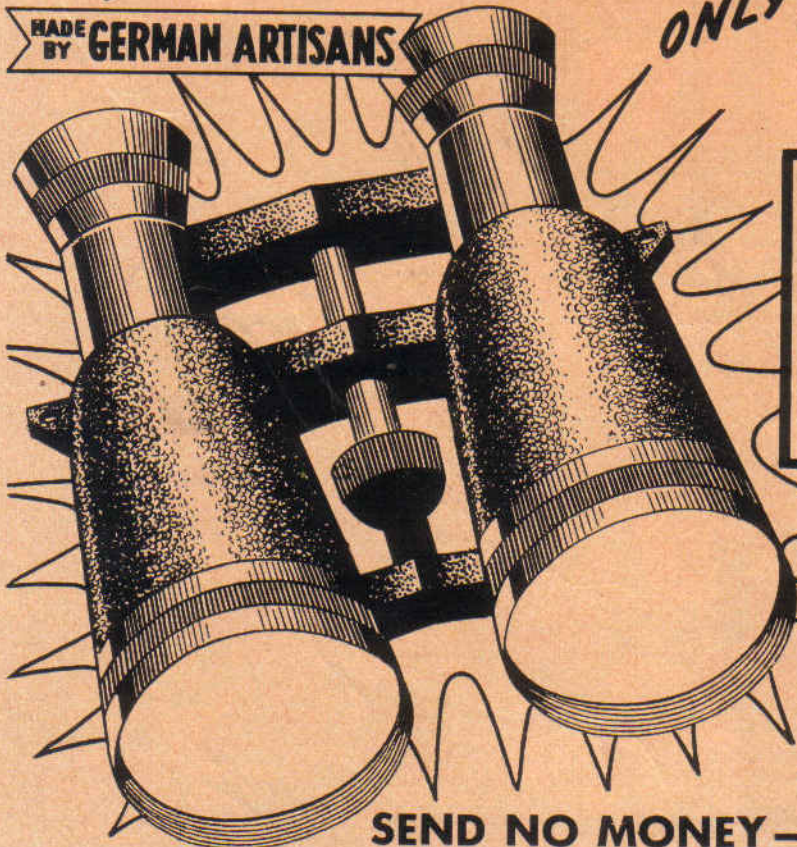
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- Centre-Focusing Wheel
- Big Size and Big Power
- Satisfaction Guaranteed

SEND NO MONEY—Try at our risk!

Here's a LIFETIME BARGAIN for you! Compare with domestic binoculars selling up to 10.00 for clarity, light weight and rugged construction! Just look thru them once and you'll be convinced of their quality. You will be thrilled with the GERMAN KLARO-VIS lens that give you TERRIFIC MAGNIFICATION POWER, a wide field of view and sharp, brilliant detail! Smooth SYNCHRONIZED centre focusing mechanism gives you quick, easy adjustments. Light weight — easy to carry with you — yet they are so STRONGLY made that it is virtually IMPOSSIBLE TO BREAK THEM in normal use! Yes, this is what you have always wanted now yours at an unbelievably LOW PRICE — while they last!

BIG SIZE — BIG POWER — BIG VALUE

Please do not confuse the KLARO-VIS with crudely made Binoculars claiming 18 MILE RANGES! These are NEW and so DIFFERENT, made by GERMAN ARTISANS. You receive BIG POWER, BIG SIZE and a BIG, LIFETIME BARGAIN!

A LIFETIME OF THRILLS AWAITS YOU!

When you own this power-packed instrument, distances seem to melt away... you always have a "ringside" seat at boxing matches, races, baseball or football. You get an intimate view of nature, the sky at night, distant sunsets, birds and wild animals, distant boats, seashore scenes, etc. You see what your neighbors are doing (without being seen). Carry them with you on hunting trips too!

FREE TRIAL OFFER — ENJOY AT OUR RISK!

We want to send you a pair of these super-power glasses for you to examine and enjoy for ONE WHOLE WEEK — without obligation.

You take no chances. Test them... use them as you like. Compare them for value and power with binoculars selling up to 10.00. Then YOU be the JUDGE! If you're not thrilled, then return and get your MONEY BACK! Don't send ONE PENNY — pay postman only 3.00 plus postage on arrival. Do it today — WHILE SUPPLY LASTS. Don't miss the fun and thrills another day. RUSH THE TRIAL COUPON RIGHT NOW.

MAIL COUPON FOR HOME TRIAL! CONSUMERS MART, Dept. 78-H-134

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GENTLEMEN: RUSH your guaranteed KLARO-VIS Super Power Field Glasses for a whole week's home trial — FREE of obligation and your SURPRISE FRIENDSHIP GIFT. I will pay postman 3.00 plus postage on arrival. I shall enjoy them, and use them for a whole week and if not satisfied with this thrilling bargain, you are to send my 3.00 back. The surprise Friendship Gift is mine to KEEP even if I return the KLARO-VIS!

NARFSTAR

NAME

ADDRESS

TOWN

STATE

☐ EXTRA SAVINGS FOR YOU! Send 3.00 cash, check or money order with this coupon and we pay ALL POSTAGE costs. SAME MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

LOOK

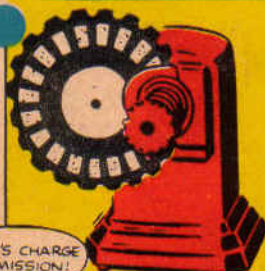
AT THESE

4 WONDER 4 BARGAINS

1

ELECTRIC MOVIE PROJECTOR

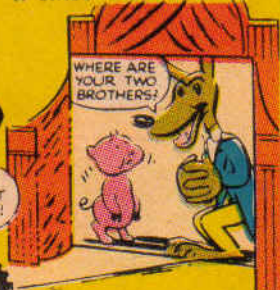
REAL LIVE ACTION MOVIES!
HERE'S WHAT YOU GET... A REAL PROJECTOR, 1 FILM, A STAGE AND SCREEN...



LET'S CHARGE ADMISSION!



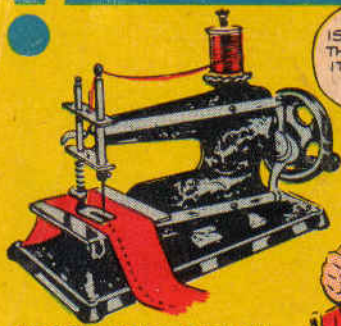
BOY, WHAT FUN!



ALL FOR ONLY \$298
3 EXTRA FILMS... \$1.00

3

REAL SEWING MACHINE



GEE, THIS IS FUN! I MADE THIS DRESS WITH IT, AND I'LL MAKE HUNDREDS MORE!



DON'T PASS IT UP!

IT'S **\$298** ONLY

READY FOR ACTION
NOW YOU CAN MAKE MANY LOVELY DRESSES FOR YOURSELF AND YOUR DOLLS, OR MAKE EXTRA MONEY SELLING THINGS YOU MAKE! COMPLETE WITH TABLE CLAMP, SPOOL, THREAD AND NEEDLE.

2

"HAPPY" THE COWBOY

I'M TERRIFIC!

- HE'S OVER 19" TALL!
- MOVES HIS MOUTH, ARMS AND LEGS!
- REAL COWBOY OUTFIT!

HEY KIDS — HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO BECOME A MASTER VENTRILOQUIST—IN A JIFFY! IMAGINE — YOU CAN MAKE HAPPY THE COWBOY ACTUALLY TALK! (IN YOUR OWN VOICE, OF COURSE!) PULL THE STRING IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD — WATCH HIS LIPS MOVE — HEAR YOUR OWN WORDS COMING RIGHT OUT OF HAPPY'S MOUTH! SEE HOW REAL HE LOOKS—RIGGED UP IN A COWBOY HAT, WASHABLE PLAID SHIRT AND WESTERN PANTS — SHOW OFF YOUR SKILL AT PARTIES — AT SCHOOL!



IMAGINE! ONLY

\$298

COMPLETE

4

LIFE LIKE SANDY



HELLO!
I'M SANDY!
I DRINK, I WET,
I SLEEP AND YOU
CAN WAVE MY
HAIR, TOO!

THE NEWEST IN NEAR-HUMAN DOLLS

SHE HAS WONDER SKIN — JUST LIKE A REAL BABY'S... LIFE-LIKE HAIR! SHE CAN DRINK, WET, SLEEP, AND HAVE HER HAIR WAVED!

IMAGINE **\$398** ONLY

and
FREE
FREE

A WAVE-A-DOLL

HAIR KIT



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- ☐ Movie Projector **\$2.98** ☐ Sewing Machine **\$2.98**
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